

D o l l h o u s e by Frxshstqn

Category: IT (2017), IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Abusive Parents, Angst, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Angsty Richie Tozier, Child Abuse, Hurt Richie Tozier, Hurt/Comfort, I don't know what else to tag?, Implied/Referenced Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Physical Abuse, Richie Angst, Richie Tozier has shitty parents, Sad Richie Tozier, inspired by dollhouse by Melanie Martinez, richie tozier centric, richies parents are abusive

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Maggie Tozier, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT), Wentworth Tozier

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier, The Losers Club & Richie Tozier

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Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

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Summary:

No one ever listens,
This wallpaper glistens,
Don't let them see what goes down in the kitchen...

Dollhouse

Author's Note:

Hey mom please wake up, dads with a slut, and your son is smoking cannabis.

Places, places, get in your places, throw on your dress and put on your doll faces.

He lived, surrounded by people who were so blissfully unaware of his current situation, it was all an act, an act of protection, pride and the art of performance, he was a great performer, considering no one had ever seen past his little play, but he knew, he knew they were catching on, but he wouldn't let them, not yet, they can't know, it will change everything thing and lets be honest, Richie Tozier was never one up for drastic change.

It was routine by now, coming home to find your own mother passed out drunk on the couch in the living room wasn't normal, yet it had become just that, normal, just like hearing his father loving it up with another woman right above where his mom had drunken herself near death. Somehow the Tozier parents had kept up their image of being the perfect family, the dark truth was hidden behind expensive luxuries and fake smiles, a real performer can keep up an act even when the shows over. They all had a part to play, loving husband, caring wife and perfectly crafted son, it was all lies, he was living a lie, nevertheless they somehow succeed in the flawlessly organised act that they called real life.

It had happened so suddenly, one minute he was smiling himself silly with his beloved friends and the next he was being dragged back to the godforsaken house he was trained to call home, Wentworth had a tight, forceful grip on the boys curly, raven locks, yet he felt nothing other than a overwhelming sense of numbness, his only worry was the fact that they had seen, the walls were now broken, collapsed,

nonexistent, the somber truth now out, they grasped it and took it all in, their oblivion now absent, it had been replaced with a devastating amount of guilt, how could they have been so naive, the fog cleared quickly, allowing them to finally perceive the whole truth, the signs were all there, they had just been buried under shitty jokes and forged delight.

The old man, his father, yelled profanities above him, the once elegant glass coffee table now lay smashed to pieces next to his head, the numbness still present but now overrode by misery and pain, the beating had been short yet it had felt like an eternity, what kind of disgusting behaviour did his father think justified a beating, only the accomplishment of having a social life and deciding that he didn't want to spend his life depressed in his dingy room all alone listening to his mother cry into a bottle of scotch at the sounds of a unidentified woman fooling around with her husband just above where she sat. He cried out in agony as the belt collided with his body, beads of crimson blood cascaded down his pale back as the leather clashed against his skin again, he begged and pleaded with the gods that it would be over soon but the gruffly man didn't seem to be slowing down, then as abruptly as it started, it stopped and Wentworth strolled out the door so casually it would never seem like he just beat his son a quarter way to death, yet the boy, Richie, was thankful that the gods had decided to bless him upon this day, he didn't care where Wentworth had gone and he most certainly didn't care to know when he would return, all he wanted was some help and a shoulder to cry on, so he tried to find just that.

Once he had finally managed to crawl to the phone and dial the number to the Denbrough household he still found the hardest part of this whole ordeal was to try and subtly ask for help, which he most definitely failed as the moment he heard the gentle, attentive voice on the one and only Bill Denbrough he very quickly broke down in tears begging for his and the rest of the losers help, considering this was the first time Bill had ever heard the resident Trashmouth cry he handled the phone call calmly waiting to release his panic after Richie had hung up the phone, the moment the call was silenced

signifying the end Bill let out a shout of alarm directing the losers to the Tozier house, a place where they had never been allowed to set foot near before, they all tried to mentally prepare themselves for what they were about to see but nothing could brace them for the trepidation they were about to witness, there lying in a pile of broken glass was Richie Tozier himself, yet he looked nothing like the loud, chipper boy they were so used to seeing, this boy was blooded and bruised, he was quiet and distressed but somehow he still managed a mournful smile when he saw the losers walk through the pearly front door.

They tried their very hardest to patch him up but they were only children, not trained medical professionals, they managed to get the broken boy into his dreary bedroom and onto his shabby bed, naturally a losers cuddle pile assembled around their beloved Trashmouth as crippling sobs wracked through his body, yet beneath his anguish there was a glimmer of hope, of love, of comfort, and while the pain may still be present, and he knows he's not okay, he still holds onto that slither of hope that one day he knows he will be.

Author's Note:

This was my first work so I hope you enjoyed!

Kudos and Comments appreciated <333